
struggles of an abstract animal

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to infer the affective field of an abstract animal based on three different vibration points of each body, including sound awareness. the animal was named the cloudy cat: an ethereal cat made of the same material/s as clouds. Following reverberating lines from its calf to its spine, the cat vibrates. its touch-sense connected to its hearing ability of positioning within a determinate ecological environment. it is almost like a cat, but as a speculative animal, it can borrow some of the characteristics of an abyssal cephalopod being, *Vampyroteuthis infernalis*—cephalopodness. as if it was the result of an intense orgasmatic sexual intercourse between a cat and a giant squid in profound and dark waters. the copulation leaves a trail of fur and fluorescent sperm that creates bright constellations in the reverse watery sky.

Vampyroteuthis is sexually excited by the world. He grasps the world with tentacles equipped with penis and clitoris. He apprehends and comprehends with sexual excitement, and concepts lead him to orgasm. For him the world is not sexually neutral and therefore insipid as it is for men. For him, everything has male or female knowledge and is therefore exciting. The male conceives of the world using different categories than the female does, and so there are male and female "laws of nature." The world is not made of "neutral stuff" but of "mater" and "pater," and the dialectic of the sexes is the dialectic of the world. All the other dialectics between truth and falsehood, between beauty and ugliness or between Good and Evil, are reducible to the dialectic of sex. That is because Vampyroteuthis did not repress the female aspect of the world like man has. For him, the world has both dimensions which have to be synthesised. That is why Vampyroteuthis does not aim to reunite the world's contradictions via theoretical edifices like man has, but via the vertigo of orgasm.

after capturing some of the qualities listed above, unfortunately, a tragedy occurred, the cloudy cat lost its nose. since cats are usually driven by smell, this could have been the end of the new species. however, losing this organ was an evolutionary advantage. the cat feels pheromones' perfume of a male or a female individual of its species. it is agendered, plurigendered, whatever. it didn't even need to feel the forms and figures of a human, a dog, a mammoth, a refrigerator or a popcorn vendor. all pores of its body were capable of feeling bunches and packages of sensations and of navigating between them, constructing a mutant sensory navigational map. it only feels the field of affectivity. this ongoing change is not painless.

that's how I tried to express an abstract animal I was asked to create in a workshop, working of three nerve connections of my body. somebody asked me, "what holds things together?" it was necessary to learn to walk again. colorful band-aids in every corner of the feet. for some months it was impossible to know what shoe-size was necessary. a cat wearing socks walks on the park trying to follow a family of squirrels. the legs were walking but without any visible connection with the sensorial system. fearful legs. when the body had assumed again, the foot had to learn that it was possible to walk along with the whole body. blisters and callus. a google search about diabetic foot and immunodeficiency disorders. learning to walk with the legs of a cat without being one or having this intention. there is a softness in the contact between the toe tufts and the ground. the hybrid cloudy cat carries the excitement of Vampyrotheuthis; every grain of sand is a little needle if not in the right angle of contact.

the affective field is felt as a big elastic fabric stretched by innumerable sticks of kindling wood; every disturbance in this field is the result and the cause of other disturbances. if one of the infinite sides is put in excessive contact with its holding structure, obviously it's going to hurt;

Antonin Artaud once said, that at times of spikes in his schizophrenia crisis, words entering his auricular channels felt like needles penetrating his skull;

language hurts; major male language hurts more than ever; the difference between male and female language is only of modulation, without a clear

threshold. it is not dialectic; it took two months until every word I knew in Portuguese had transformed itself into needles that perforated my cranium even if all my nerves and tissues were in the same place as before; even if I put on the most powerful noise cancelling headphones, it finds its way entering through the microscopic pores of the earphone's pillows. through vision major gestures of micro-fascism can be felt in every eye corner that looks directly into my pupils; senses are never separated, but they start to completely melt into black zones of indistinction that reminds me of those really strange seconds just before fainting in which you are in a threshold between being awake and cold and sleeping;

language can easily turn itself into a bad disturbance in the affective field, especially if language is rendered only in its most terrible face, the order-words. i imagine language as two-faced, like the already very exhaustively referred Roman God Janus: one face is occupied by a doorkeeper that keeps asking in his rough male voice if you are authorized to enter his building or not. the other is the jaguar face. it's a jaguar, but could be also a person. an ordinary wild person. language is the most savage quality of the human. [the jaguar just an author animal affective preference, not a stereotype of forest animals as the only guardians of savageness. in *Postulates of Linguistics*, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari state that the elementary unity of language is the order-word, which aims to obey and instruct (impose) how to obey through enunciates. every word-order is a little death sentence, a verdict, small needles growing in size as they penetrate the ears of this mélange between this blend of the qualities of cephalopod/cat and myself. even being immanent, it can be felt as an extraterrestrial parasite that has the capacity of disrupting non-normative body-mind compositions, that spill blood out of every orifice of the body: sweating, little spasms, coldness, shocked sensations in extremities, goosebumps pulling the skin against the body. "language is made not to be believed but to be obeyed." it intervenes ... order-words are always masculine! [and even if they don't have a gender, they usually come with a big and coarse exclamation mark]

for people who are too attuned to affective cartographies and intense sensitivities, it's almost impossible to feel any sense of a metastable unity of themselves in atmospheres permeated by order-words. this face of language

contaminates; exhausting every drop of energy in body and space. the bodies feel these disturbances as big black holes, drained by the nervous constant sweating exhaled by every furred pole of the skin, drying body and mind until complete [bad] exhaustion. this can happen at a very quick rate: one subway trip in a big city contaminated by micro and macro-fascist discourses and gazes can drain an individual for days, usurping his *conatus* desire for anything that can compose well with it: sex, falafels, black tea and lemonades; little discrete entities or copulation of entities that can produce joy.

i don't recall the last time I heard Portuguese. I can't look at people anymore on the subway. the bald guy at the apartment building entrance holds a poster: "animals are not allowed in this building" while he gives me a "fuck you, strange queer" face. I recall I was alphabetized in that language, but since the [subjective] crisis has begun, it's like Portuguese has turned itself (inside out) into a major language for me with a virulent infestation speed. a language that penetrates a dense forest populated by piles of enormous, heavy, embodied order-words, condensing themselves in growing cubes of silver-tape material. I can barely move through its thresholds, my Portuguese struggles to ooze between them, my head has almost been completely transformed into pure metal, melted needles, red flesh mixed with liquefied Portuguese. I can't see the light or the sky anymore, the black cubes block the sun, speaking is no longer possible...

november 25th, 2016. walking through Guy-Concordia subway station in Montréal. walking off the train, the outline of the tiles on the wall began to fade. i'm used to hearing a large quantity of distinct voices and languages in this city. but suddenly I felt myself stuck in a vortex of Portuguese speakers raising their tones above the usual French/English speakers. like if I were in the middle of a war between specters that belonged to two different clans. the battle would be won by those who can talk loud and clearer, pulling my organs to different directions disassociating their functions. the wall tiles were totally blurred now and fused with the aesthetic pattern of Consolação subway station, in São Paulo. i could feel the voices walk through my feet like if they were an anthill. in a few seconds, all of my body was completely tingling, which prohibited safe walking. although doctors would refer to this as a symptom of PTSD, i usually talk about this sensation calling it an inverse

orgasm. as a good orgasm, it stresses all the nerves that can be felt, embodying this complete excitement of the already referred cephalopod-cat interbreed creature. but a good orgasm would put a dozen of organs and a couple or more of human bodies in a complete—but still full of multiplicities and non-linguistic grunts—fusion. maybe composing is a better word for this. a inverse orgasm disrupts the body, dismembering legs, eyes and fingers, making the act like independent entities, promoting total separation and killing any metastability through exhaustion.

how to escape exhaustion? there is a difference between exhaustion and tiredness, according to Deleuze's analysis of the Beckett television play *Quadrat*, in which four a-gendered characters try to mathematically exhaust the space of a square through a set of constrained movements never really touching each other but always in the threshold of an almost-touch, drawn in their movements of desire but never actualized. "The tired no longer prepares for any possibility (subjective): he therefore cannot realize the smallest possibility (objective). But possibility remains, because you never realize some of it. The tired have only exhausted realization, while the exhausted exhausts all the possible". i still don't see the necessity of having a body every moment of my life. i just want to have a body sometimes.